



DEFIANT

2

SEPTEMBER

\$2.95

\$3.75 CANADA

WARRIORS OF

PLASM



Lopham
WITHERBY '93

EPIPHANY

THE SEDITION
AGENDA
PART II

MY GOD,
WHERE ARE
WE NOW?

WRITTEN BY JIM SHOOTER
DRAWN BY DAVID LAPHAM
INKED BY MIKE WITHERBY
COLORED BY JAMES BROWN
LETTERED BY GEORGE ROBERTS
EDITED BY DEBORAH PURCELL



SOME-PLACE THAT STINKS!

THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION... A FLASH OF LIGHT...

I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED THAT WEIRD GUY.

I TOLD HIM TO SEND US HOME! WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL... LOOK OVER THERE.



MANHATTAN. WE MUST BE IN JERSEY.

IN THE MARSHES NEAR THE REFINERIES.

AT LEAST WE'RE IN THE RIGHT AREA CODE.



OH! UGH! THESE CLOTHES FEEL LIKE THEY'RE CRAWLING ON ME! REVEREND GILBERT...!

WE'LL BE RID OF THEM SOON, COOKIE! STAY CALM....

IT'S JUST ALL STARTING TO GET TO ME! I'M SCARED!



EVERY-THING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, DEAR.

LIEUTENANT, CAN YOU LEAD US BACK TO CIVILIZATION?

YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN HER ITCHY SKIN!



GOD, I WISH I WERE LIKE YOU, MRS. J. I... I CAN'T HELP SEEING IN YOUR MIND HOW... NOBLE AND STRONG YOU ARE!

I CAN SEE YOUR SPIRIT, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

OH! UM... THANK YOU.



ENOUGH OF THIS CRAP! COOKIE, IF YOU EVER WANT TO GET THAT FLUSH LITTLE BOTTOM OF YOURS HOME, THEN LISTEN UP!

LIEUTENANT, PLEASE...!



HEY, SHE'S A LADY. BE NICE.

YOU SHOULD SEE THE THINGS HE THINKS ABOUT ME...AND... OTHER PEOPLE!

THAT DOES IT! NOBODY'S FOKING INTO MY HEAD!



WITHOUT ME, YOU'D HAVE BEEN DEAD BACK THERE... BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN AS OF NOW!

HOLD IT!

HUH?



LET'S THINK FOR A MINUTE, PEOPLE!

WE WERE SPIRITED AWAY TO SOME NIGHTMARISH PLACE, GOD KNOWS WHERE...

...WHERE EACH OF US SOMEHOW BECAME ABLE TO PERFORM MIRACLES! LOOK AT ME! I CAN HOLD LIGHT IN MY HAND... CALL IT TO ME LIKE A DOG!

THE IMPORTANCE OF THESE GIFTS DIDN'T END BECAUSE WE ESCAPED OUR CAPTORS. WE SHOULD THINK LONG AND HARD--~~TOGETHER~~--ABOUT WHERE WE GO FROM HERE...

...AND NOT LET PETTY EMOTIONS DECIDE FOR US.



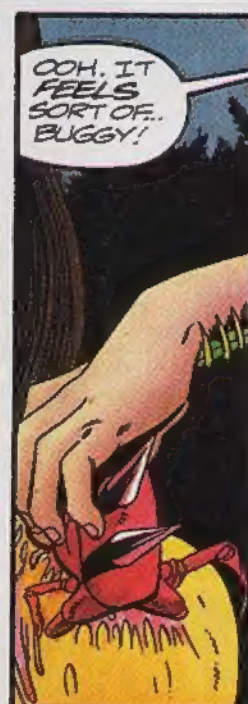
HE'S RIGHT.

YES, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THIS OFF!



IT FEELS LIKE A BIG BUG OR CRAB SITTING ON MY SHOULDER! BUT I CAN'T BUDGE IT!

LET ME TRY.



OOH. IT FEELS SORT OF... BUGGY!



WHOOOPS!

I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO HOW **STRONG** I AM NOW! DID I HURT YOU, COOKIE?

NO... BUT...

...MY SHIRT SORT OF SCREAMED. NOT OUT LOUD... BUT, LIKE, IN MY MIND'S EAR.

IT'S... ALIVE!



NOW I GET IT! THE CLOTHES THEY GAVE US ARE ALIVE!

WELL... THIS PIECE ISN'T ANYMORE.

IT'LL GROW BACK IF I WANT IT. I FEEL LIKE...WE'VE GOT A RAPPORT NOW!

WOW.

GUYS, HOW ABOUT IF WE GO TO MY MOM'S HOUSE IN HOBOKEN TO TALK?



DON'T BE STUPID! WE SHOULD REPORT TO **FORT DIX**. THIS IS DEFINITELY A MILITARY MATTER.

WHY DOES EVERYBODY ASSUME BIG GUYS ARE DUMB? JUST BECAUSE I TALK SLOW...

NOW BOYS! THAT'S ENOUGH!



I'VE BEEN THINKING... MAYBE WE SHOULD FIND A POLICEMAN!

WE WERE KIDNAPPED, AFTER ALL, AND WE'VE PROBABLY BEEN REPORTED MISSING. WE'LL CLEAR THAT UP; THEN THEY'LL PROBABLY HELP US GET HOME!



MRS. JOHNSON, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, WHAT HAPPENED TO US IS WAY OUT OF THE LEAGUE OF LOCAL POLICE....

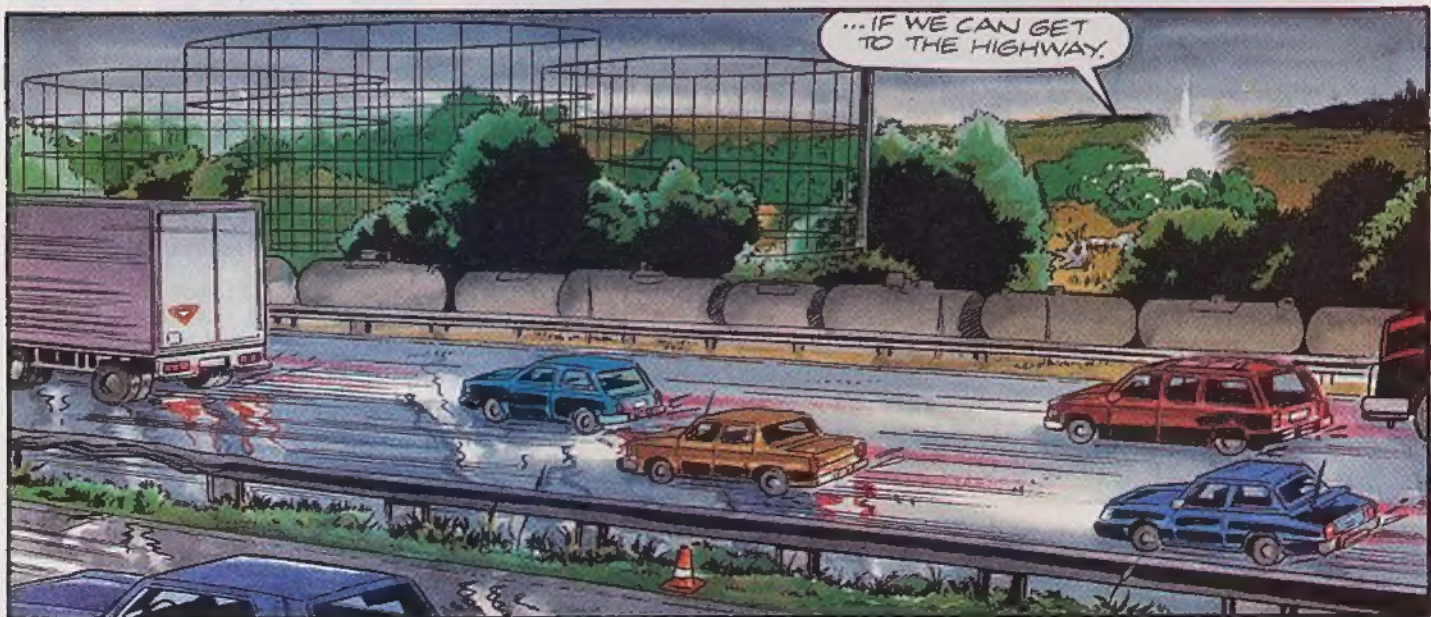
MAYBE, LIEUTENANT MAZEROV, BUT WE CAN START THERE.



LOOK, THIS IS A MATTER FOR MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!

JUMBO SHRIMP POSTAL SERVICE! I KNOW SOME OXY-MORONS, TOO.

YOU'RE OUTVOTED. WE ALL AGREE WITH MRS. J! WE CAN FIND A COP PRETTY EASY...

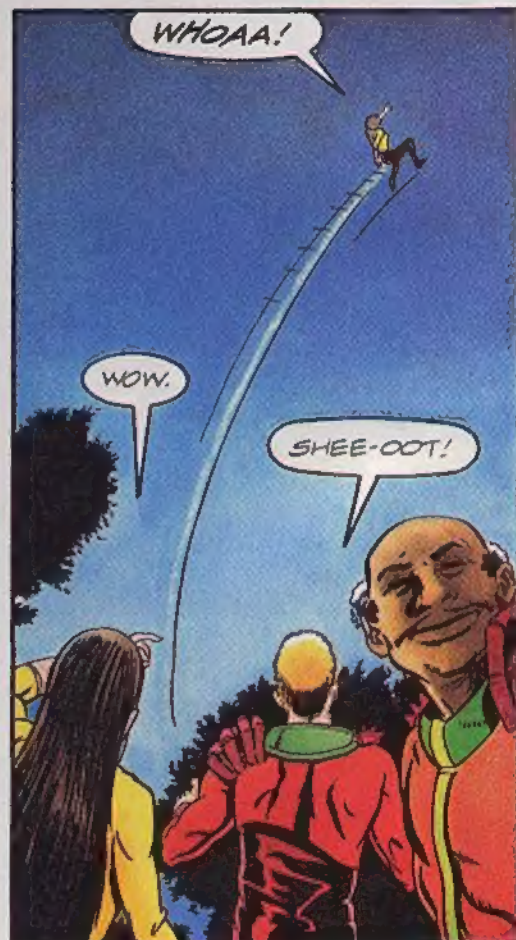


...IF WE CAN GET TO THE HIGHWAY.



WELL, THIS OLD GRANDMA'S FEELING PRETTY SPRY SINCE... WHATEVER THEY DID TO ME.

MAYBE I CAN JUMP FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND



WHOOA!

WOW.

SHEE-OOT!



GOODNESS!

I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO... THE NEW ME!

MRS. J'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA. LET'S JUST GO!



SURE YOU CAN CARRY US, RICK?

SINCE WE GOT CHANGED, I COULD CARRY AN ELEPHANT!

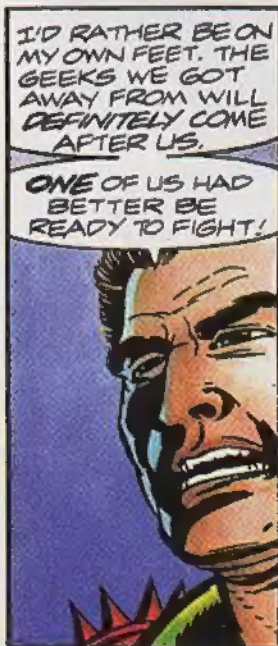
HOP ABOARD, LIEUTENANT! PLENTY OF ROOM.

NO, THANKS.



ONLY ONE OF US NEEDS TO GET WET.

DON'T BE STUPID.



I'D RATHER BE ON MY OWN FEET. THE GEEKS WE GOT AWAY FROM WILL DEFINITELY BE AFTER US.

ONE OF US HAD BETTER BE READY TO FIGHT!

MEANWHILE, BEYOND THE IMAGINARY LIMITS OF REALITY...



LORD THORAXOLIC! WE ARE IN HAILING RANGE OF OUR BE-LOVED ORG OF PLASM!

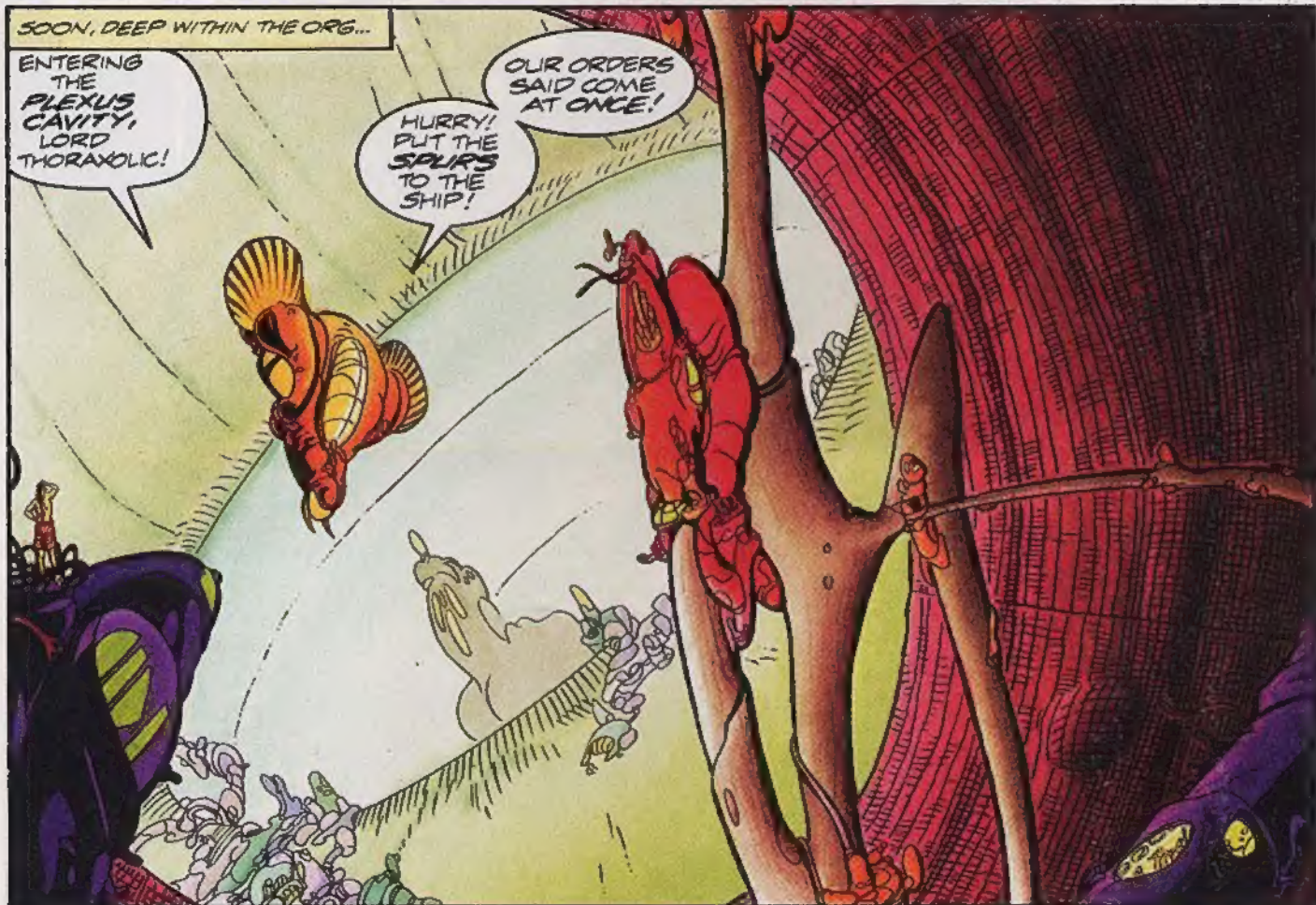
COMMAND THE SHIP TO PETITION THE ORG TO DILATE AN ENTRY-PORE.

SOON, DEEP WITHIN THE ORG...

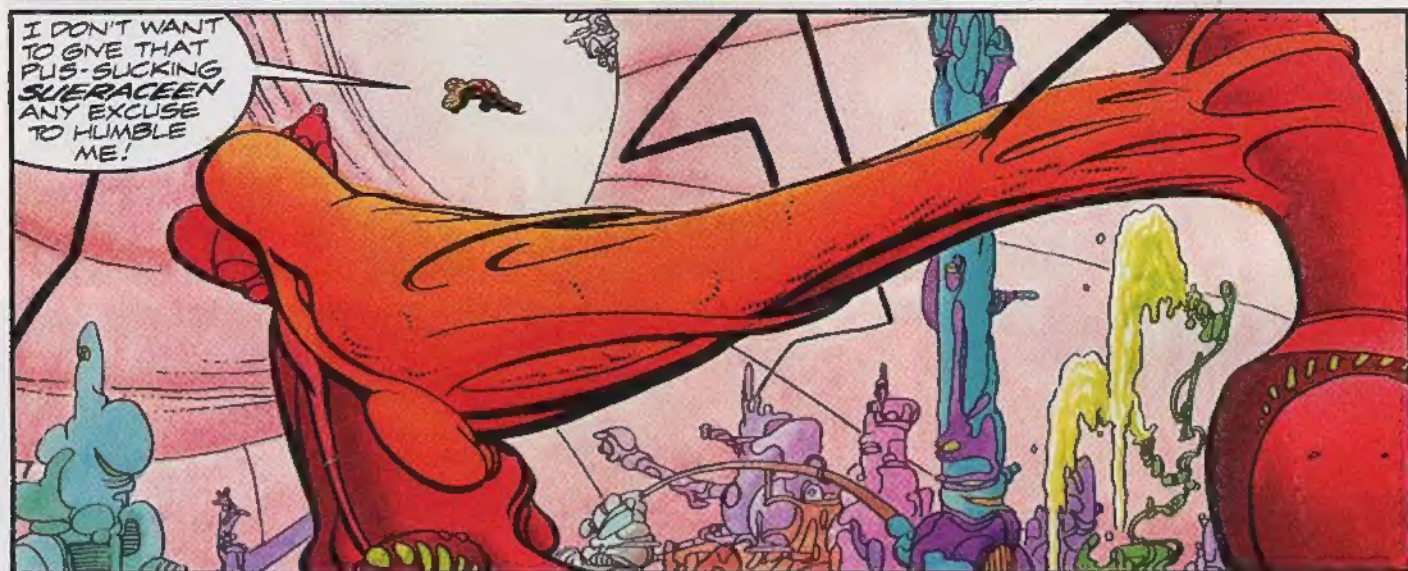
ENTERING
THE
FLEXUS
CAVITY,
LORD
THORAXOLIC!

OUR ORDERS
SAID COME
AT ONCE!

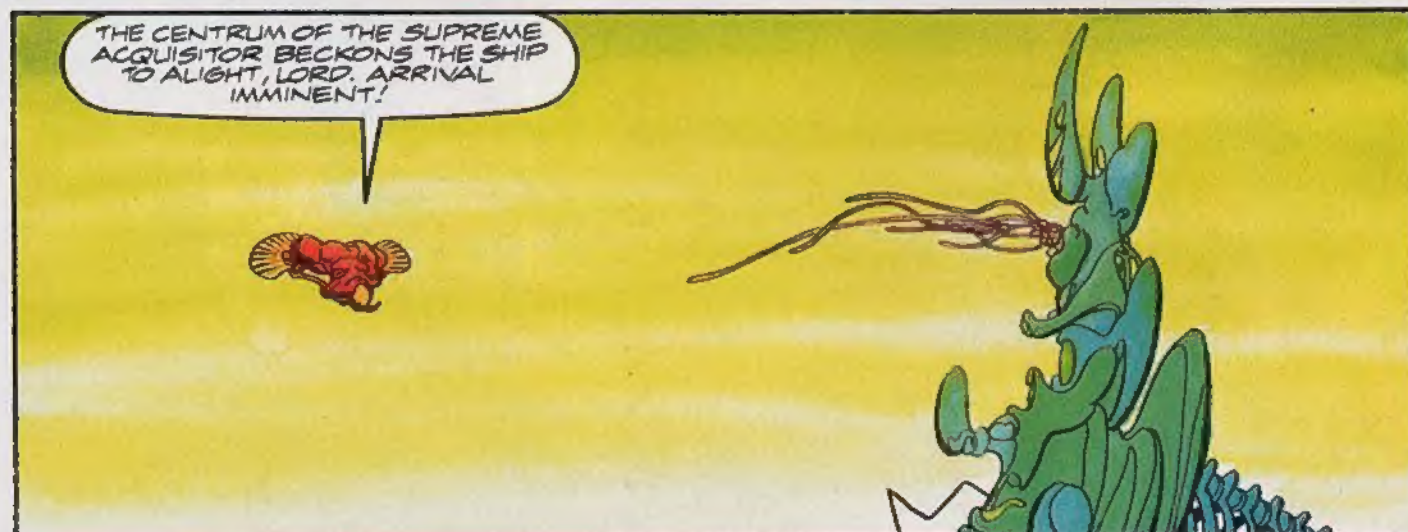
HURRY!
PUT THE
SPURS
TO THE
SHIP!



I DON'T WANT
TO GIVE THAT
PLUS-SUCKING
SVERACEEN
ANY EXCUSE
TO HUMBLE
ME!



THE CENTRUM OF THE SUPREME
ACQUISITOR BECKONS THE SHIP
TO ALIGHT, LORD. ARRIVAL
IMMINENT!





INSIDE THE CENTRUM OF SUPREME ACQUISITOR LORCA...

SO, LORCA, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE WORLD THESE TEN THOUSAND SPECIMENS CAME FROM?

I DON'T KNOW, SUERACEEN.

HOW DID THEY GET HERE?

I TRANSPORTED THEM ACROSS THE REALITY VEIL THAT SEPARATES THEIR WORLDSPEACE FROM OURS.

WHY?

WELL... TO MAKE SURE THAT TRAVEL ACROSS THAT BARRIER WAS FEASIBLE.

AND, AH... ONCE I HAD THEM HERE, I EXPERIMENTED ON THEM... TO SEE WHAT SORT OF BEINGS THEY WERE.

AND?

THEY'RE RATHER FRAGILE. ALL BUT FIVE DIED WHEN I TRIED TO GENETICALLY ALTER THEM.

AHH, LORCA MY LUST-MATE! YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING, AREN'T YOU?

"EXPERIMENTING"? HAH! I'LL BET YOU WERE COOKING UP SOME PLOT AGAINST OUR SLUDGE-SUCKING GRAND INQUISITOR!

I KNEW YOU'D MAKE ULNA-REAH REGRET PERSECUTING YOU! YOU'RE TOO MUCH MAN TO LET THAT GO UNAVENGED!

WHAT IS YOUR SCHEME? ORG KNOWS, THIS TALK OF VENGEANCE AND INTRIGUE TWEAKS ME!

THEN... HAVEN'T WE SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN TALK, SUERACEEN?

OOPS, EYE-PHONE'S TRILLING.

ORG'S PHLEGM, WHY NOW?

I SWEAR, IF IT'S THORAXOLIC CALLING, I'LL POUND HER BULBS TO PULP!



THORAXOLIC
HERE.

HAIL, LORCA...
AND TO YOU,
TOO,
SUERACEEN.

HAVE YOU
MUSTERED THE
EXPEDITIONARY
FORCE, THOR?

SHE'D
BETTER
HAVE!

HOW LONG
UNTIL YOU
ARRIVE
HERE?



MY SHIP IS EMBRACING THE
CENTRUM NOW. THE TASK
FORCE IS ARRAYED IN THE
GUT-HOLD, READY FOR
INSPECTION.

MY ORDERS WERE
TO COME AT
ONCE. IF HIGH
GORE LORD
SUERACEEN
WANTED MORE
TIME FOR HER
LUST-GAMES...



...SHE
SHOULD
HAVE
SAID
SO.

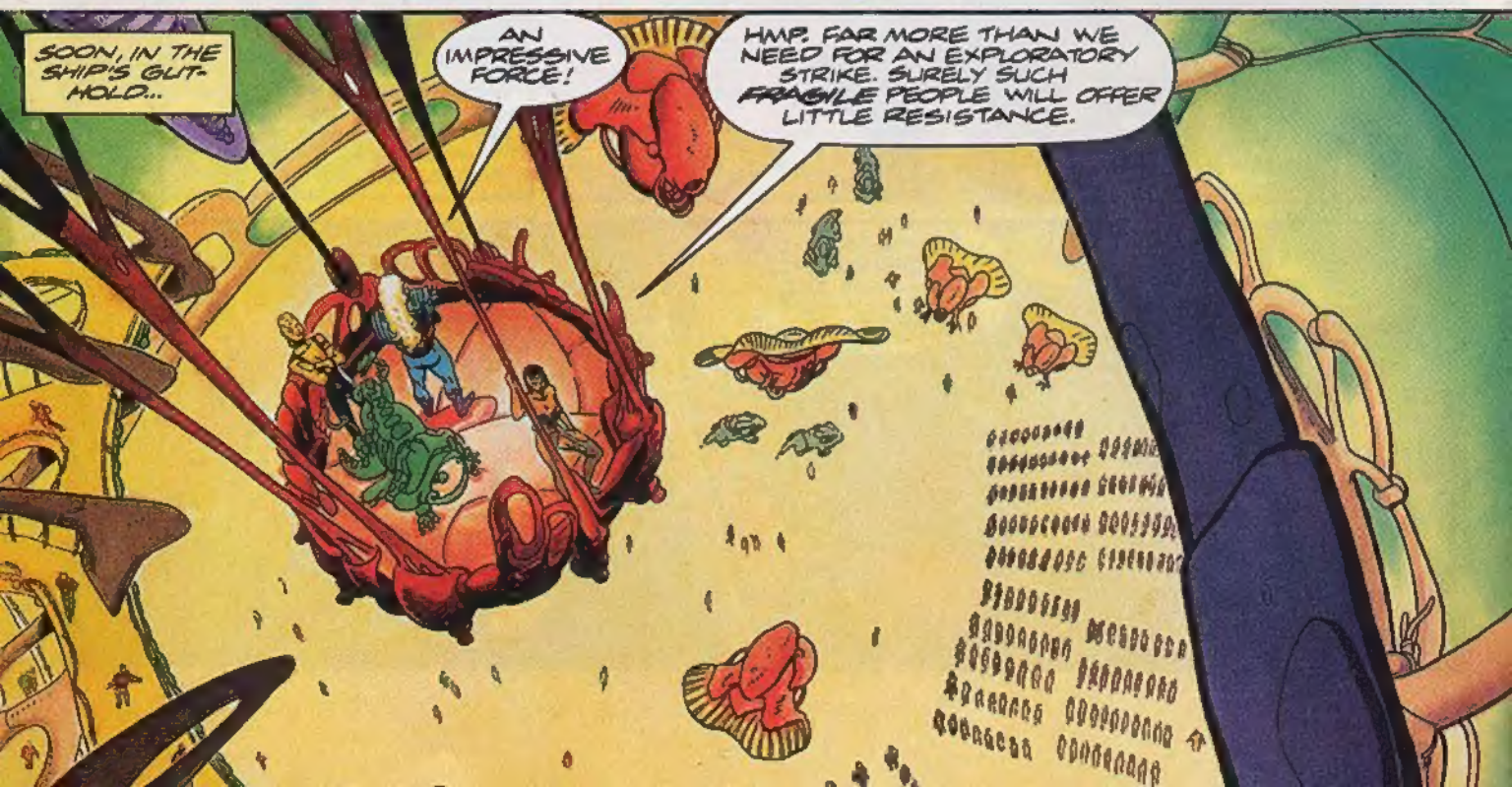
SHUT UP,
BLINK OUT,
AND STAND
BY FOR
INSPECTION.
NOW.



STUPID PHLEGM-WORM.
SHE'S JEALOUS, YOU KNOW.

SOMEDAY SHE'LL MAKE
A MISTAKE **BAD**
ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY
MY TWISTSTRIPPING HER.
ORB'S NODS, HOW I'LL
ENJOY THAT!

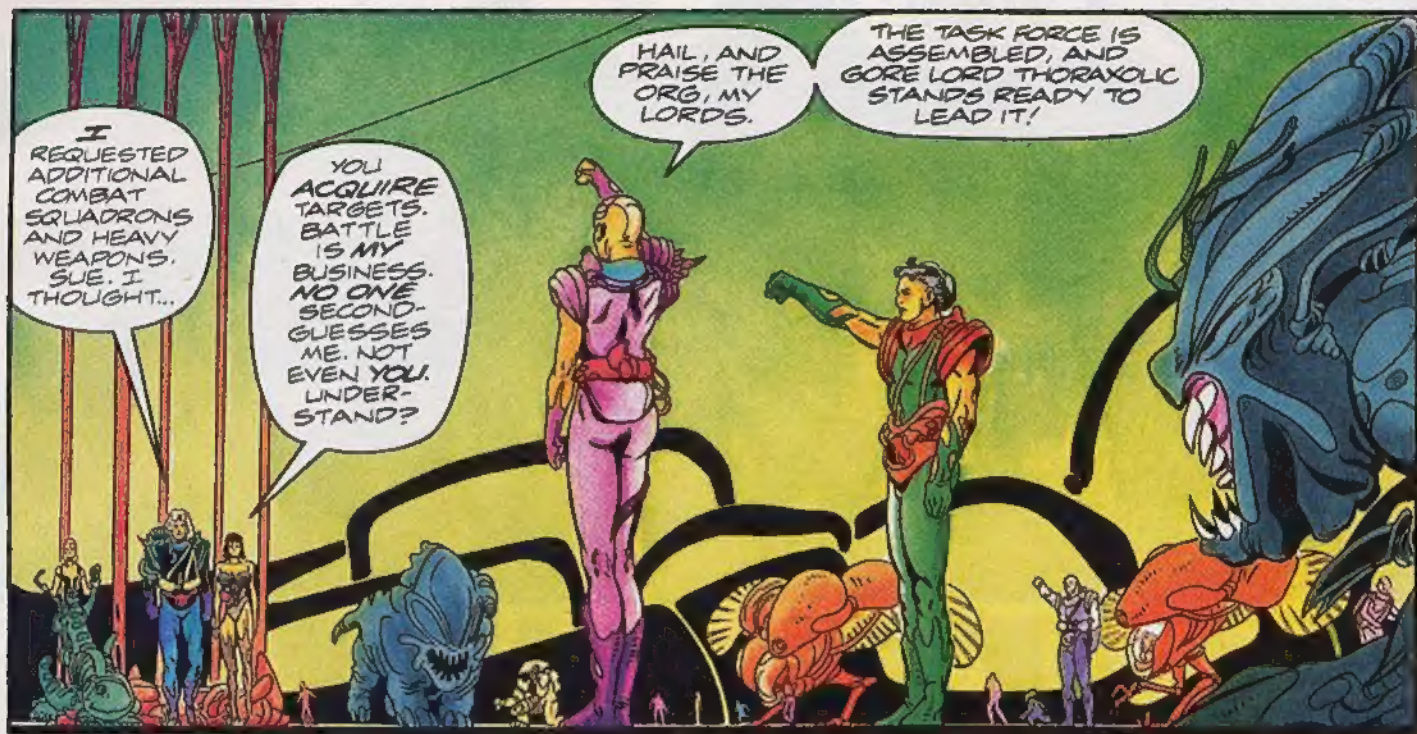
SUMMON SUPREME
BREEDER CRANIALIUS.
HAVE HER MEET US AT
THE MOUTH OF THORAXOLIC'S
SHIP.



SOON, IN THE
SHIP'S GUT-
HOLD...

AN
IMPRESSIVE
FORCE!

HMP. FAR MORE THAN WE
NEED FOR AN EXPLORATORY
STRIKE. SURELY SUCH
FRAGILE PEOPLE WILL OFFER
LITTLE RESISTANCE.

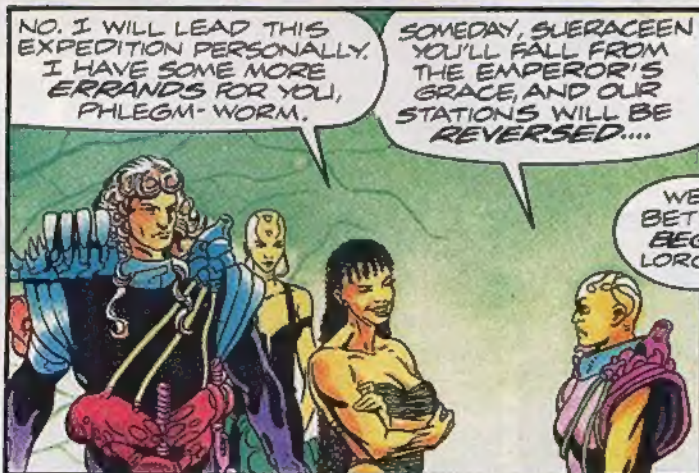


I REQUESTED ADDITIONAL COMBAT SQUADRONS AND HEAVY WEAPONS, SUE. I THOUGHT...

YOU ACQUIRE TARGETS. BATTLE IS MY BUSINESS. NO ONE SECOND-GUESSES ME. NOT EVEN YOU. UNDERSTAND?

HAIL, AND PRAISE THE ORG, MY LORDS.

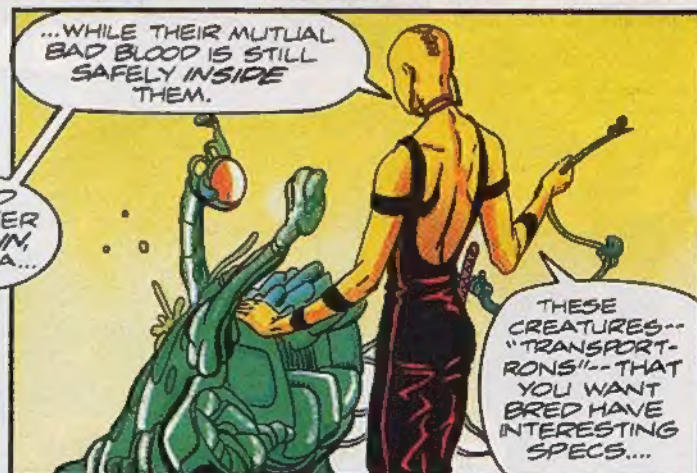
THE TASK FORCE IS ASSEMBLED, AND GORE LORD THORAXOLIC STANDS READY TO LEAD IT!



NO. I WILL LEAD THIS EXPEDITION PERSONALLY. I HAVE SOME MORE ERRANDS FOR YOU, PHLEGM-WORM.

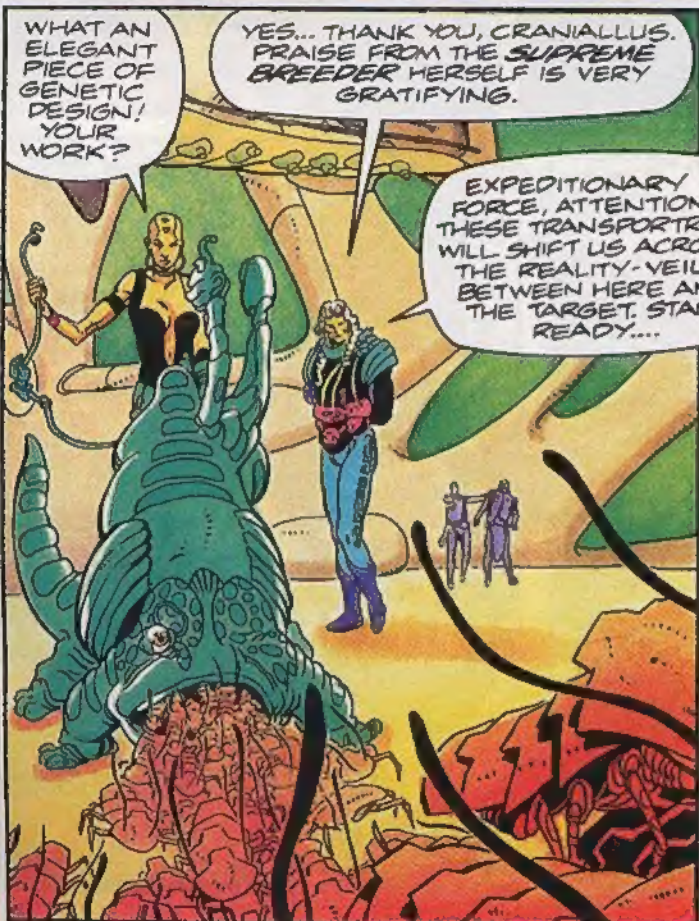
SOMEDAY, SUEFACEEN YOU'LL FALL FROM THE EMPEROR'S GRACE, AND OUR STATIONS WILL BE REVERSED....

WE'D BETTER BEGIN, LORCA...



...WHILE THEIR MUTUAL BAD BLOOD IS STILL SAFELY INSIDE THEM.

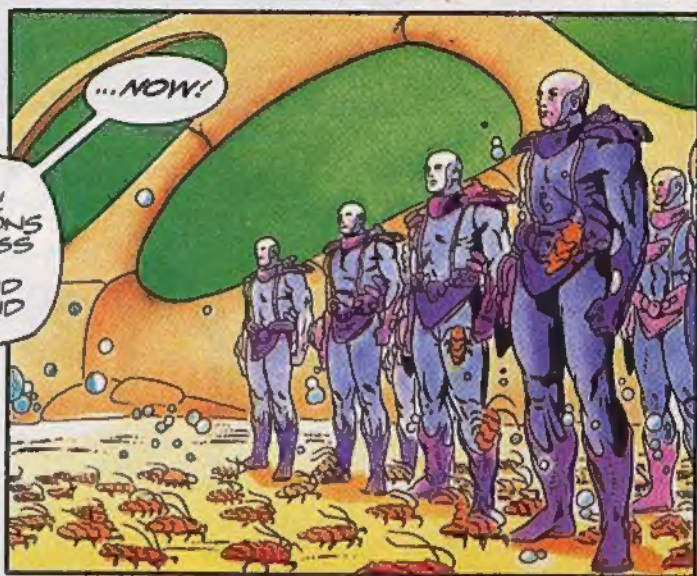
THESE CREATURES-- "TRANSPORT- RONS"-- THAT YOU WANT BRED HAVE INTERESTING SPECS....



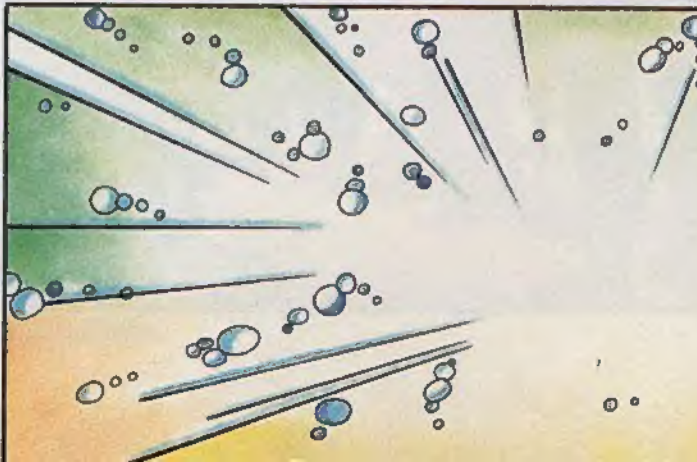
WHAT AN ELEGANT PIECE OF GENETIC DESIGN! YOUR WORK?

YES... THANK YOU, CRANIALIUS. PRAISE FROM THE SUPREME BREEDER HERSELF IS VERY GRATIFYING.

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, ATTENTION! THESE TRANSPORTRONS WILL SHIFT US ACROSS THE REALITY-VEIL BETWEEN HERE AND THE TARGET. STAND READY....



...NOW!



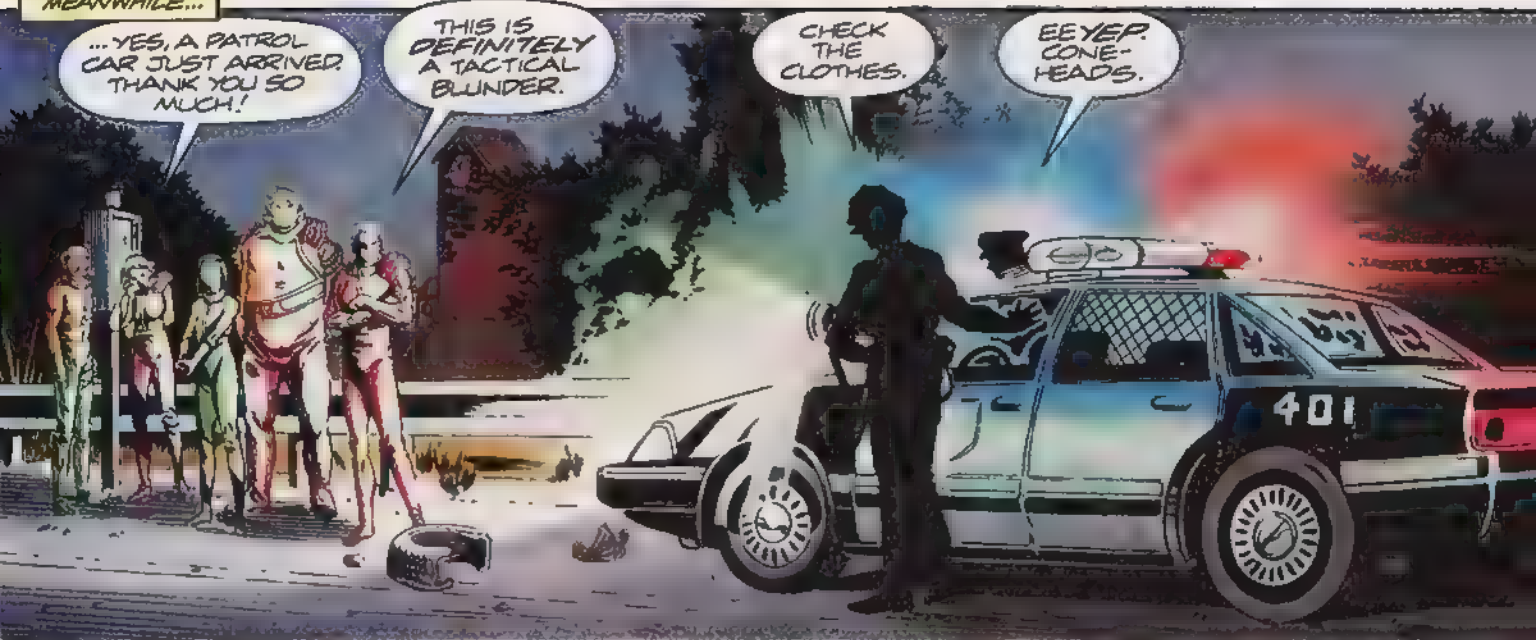
MEANWHILE...

...YES, A PATROL CAR JUST ARRIVED! THANK YOU SO MUCH!

THIS IS DEFINITELY A TACTICAL BLUNDER.

CHECK THE CLOTHES.

EEYEP. CONE-HEADS.



MINUTES LATER, AT THE ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, POLICE STATION...

...SO ONE MINUTE, I WAS MAKING FRENCH TOAST FOR PAUL AND OUR GRAND-CHILDREN, KEITH AND KEVIN-- I WISH I HAD PICTURES WITH ME! THEY'RE ADORABLE!

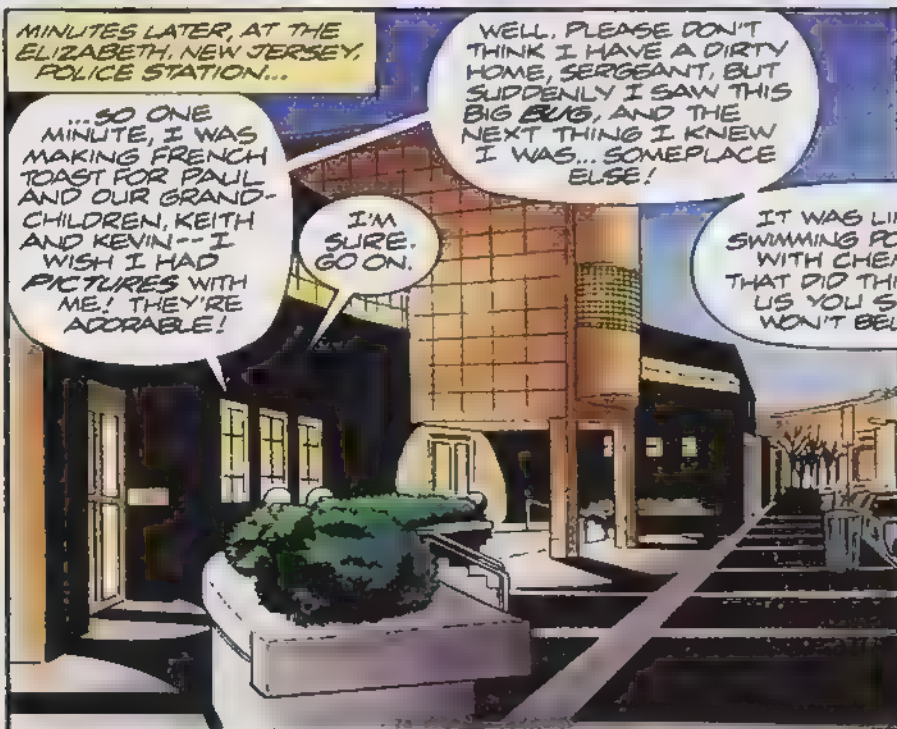
I'M SURE. GO ON.

WELL, PLEASE DON'T THINK I HAVE A DIRTY HOME, SERGEANT, BUT SUDDENLY I SAW THIS BIG BUG, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS... SOMEPLACE ELSE!

IT WAS LIKE A BIG SWIMMING POOL FILLED WITH CHEMICALS THAT DID THINGS TO US YOU SIMPLY WON'T BELIEVE.

THEN THESE CLOTHES GREW ON US... AND THEN PEOPLE STARTED SHOOTING AT US....

RIGHT.



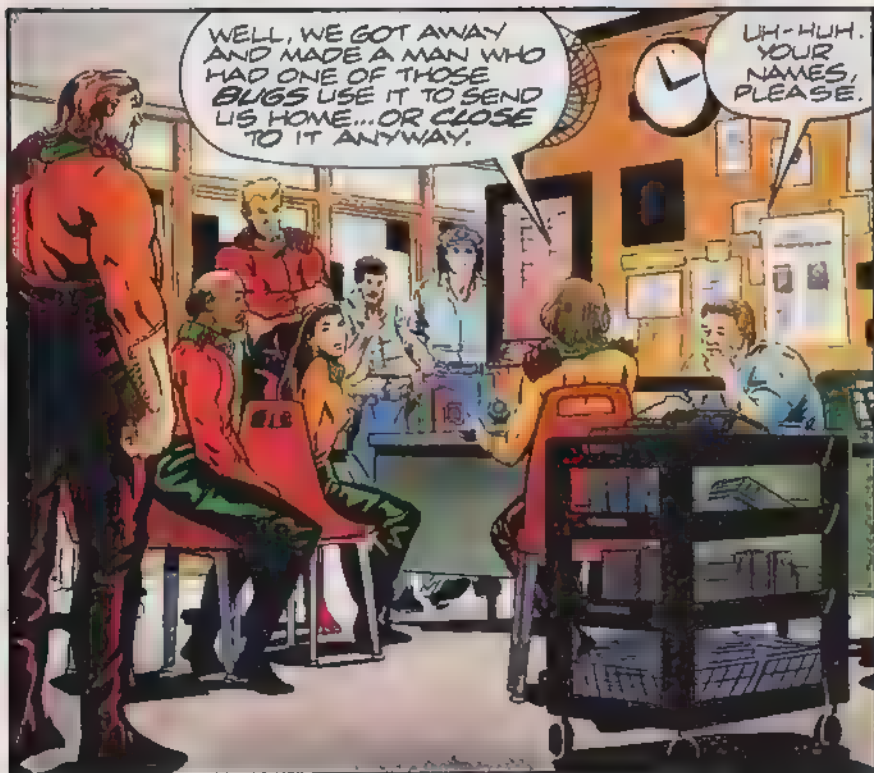
WELL, WE GOT AWAY AND MADE A MAN WHO HAD ONE OF THOSE BUGS USE IT TO SEND US HOME...OR CLOSE TO IT ANYWAY.

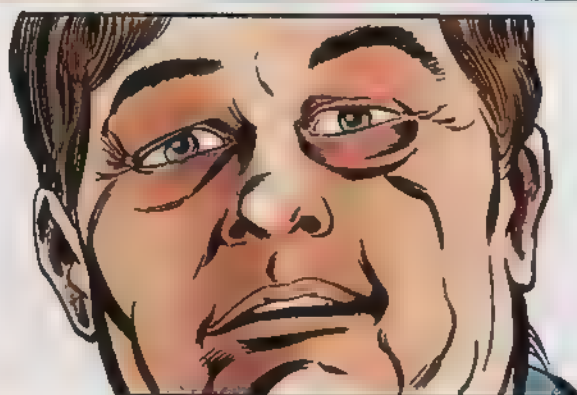
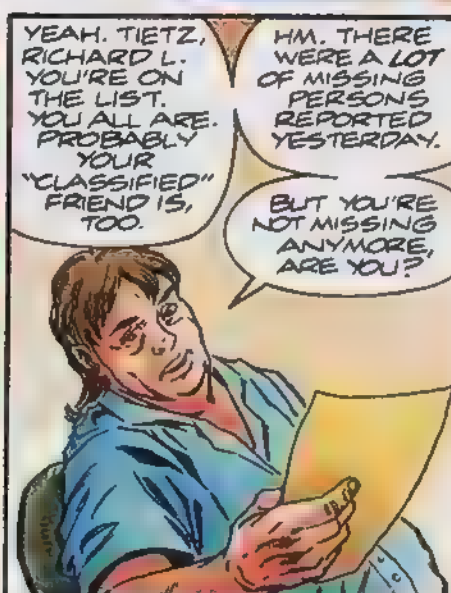
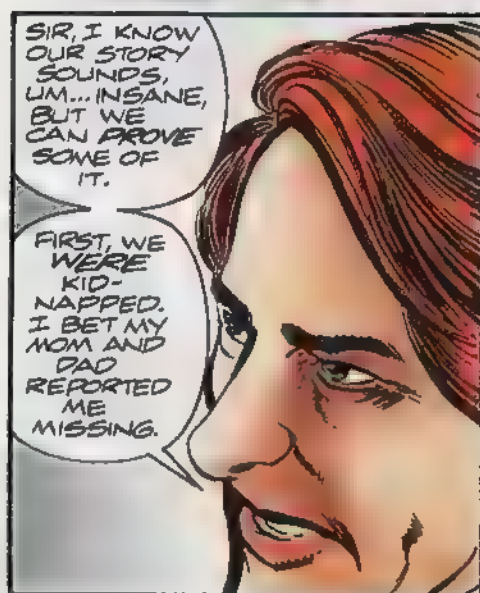
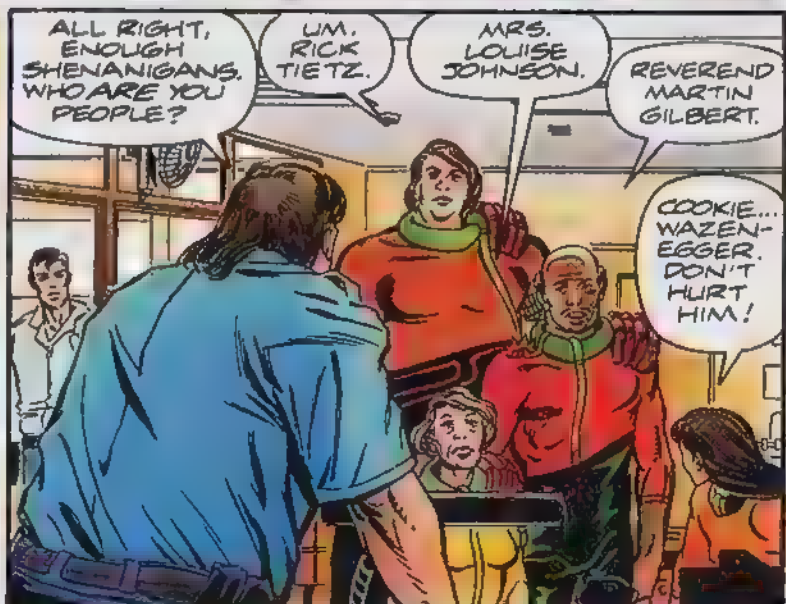
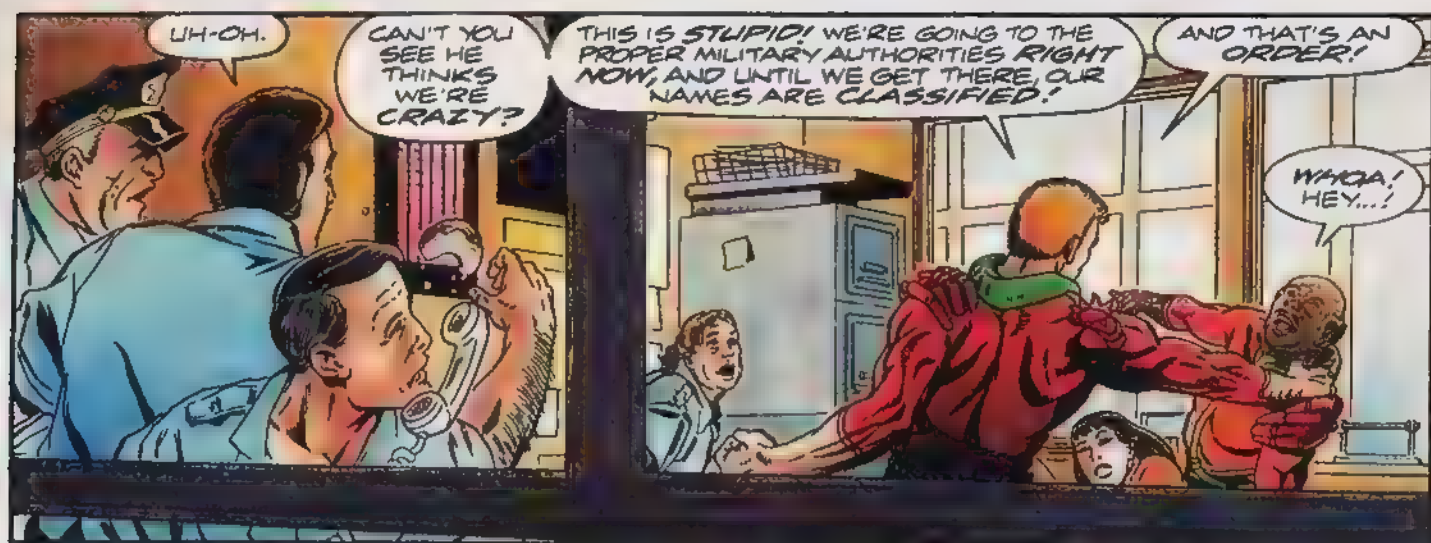
UH-HUH. YOUR NAMES, PLEASE.

SERGEANT, A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN THAT TERRIBLE PLACE. ONLY WE FIVE MADE IT OUT ALIVE! I... I DON'T THINK YOU'RE TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY.

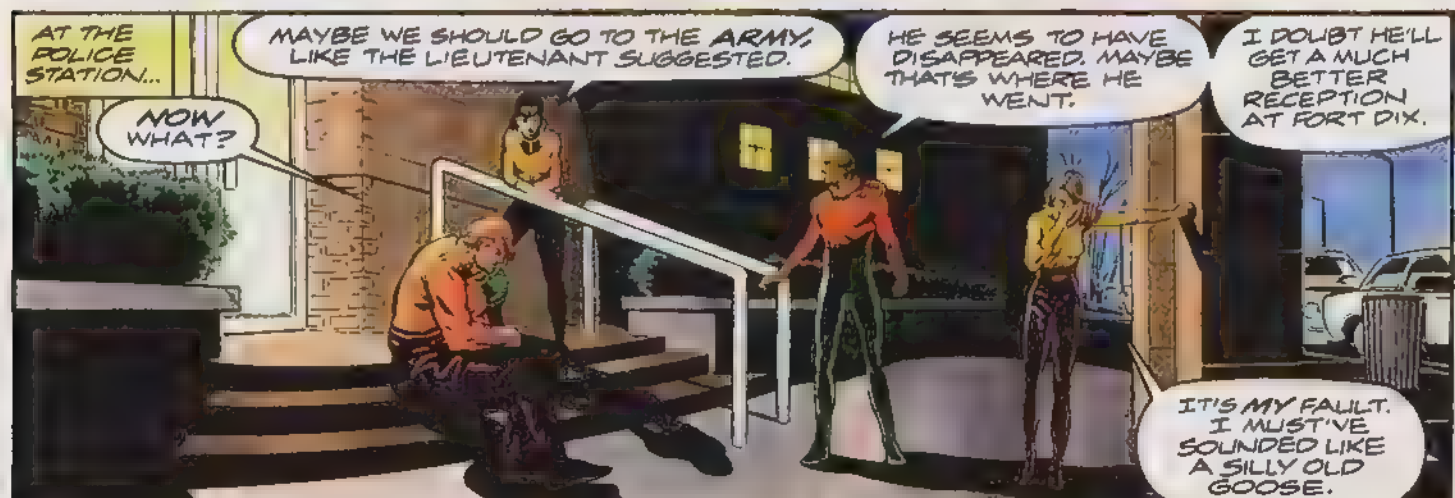
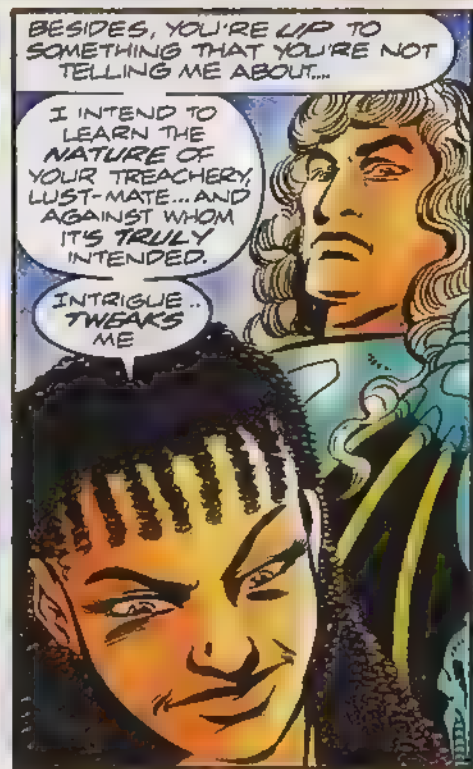
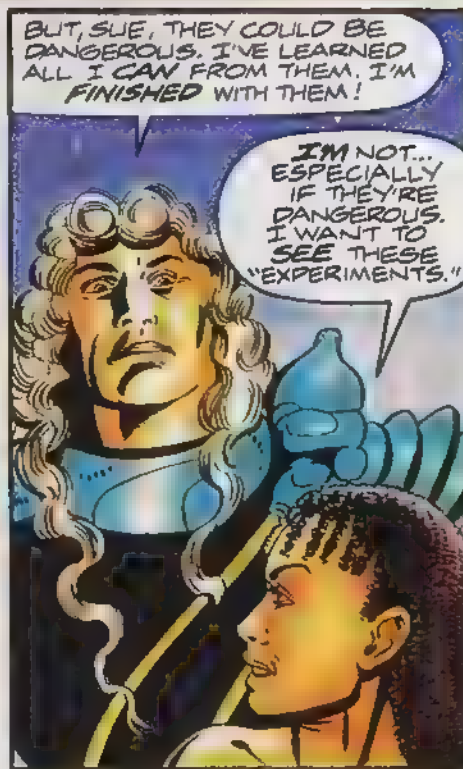
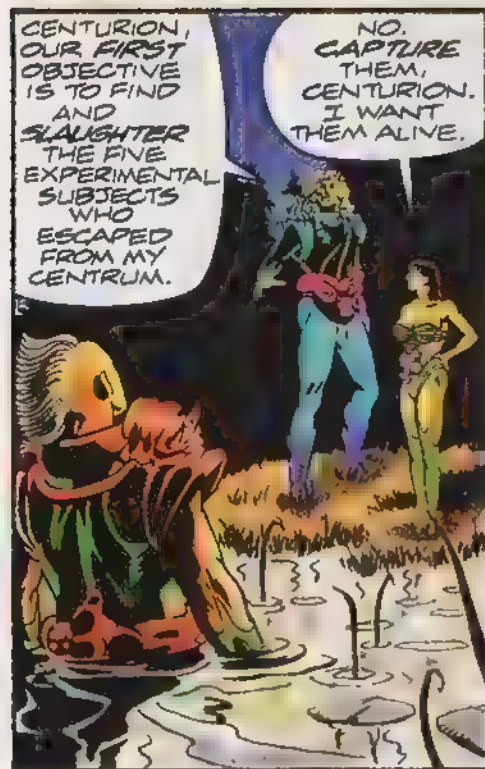
YOU WANT OUR NAMES, SIR? I'M REVEREND MAR--

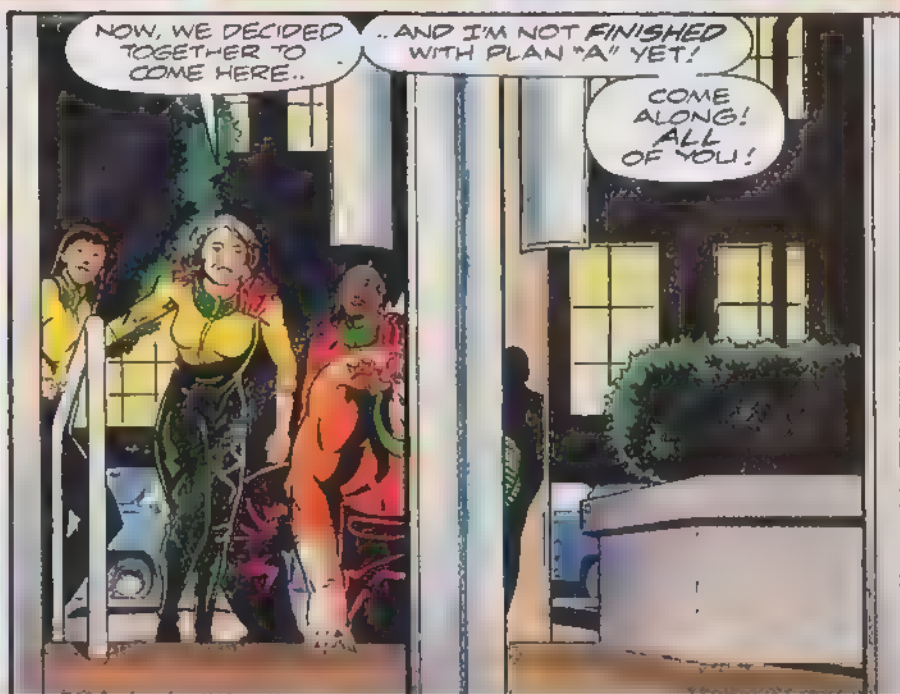
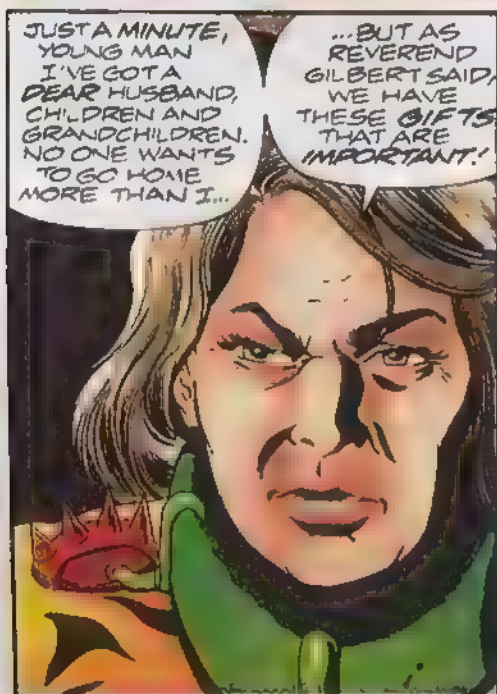
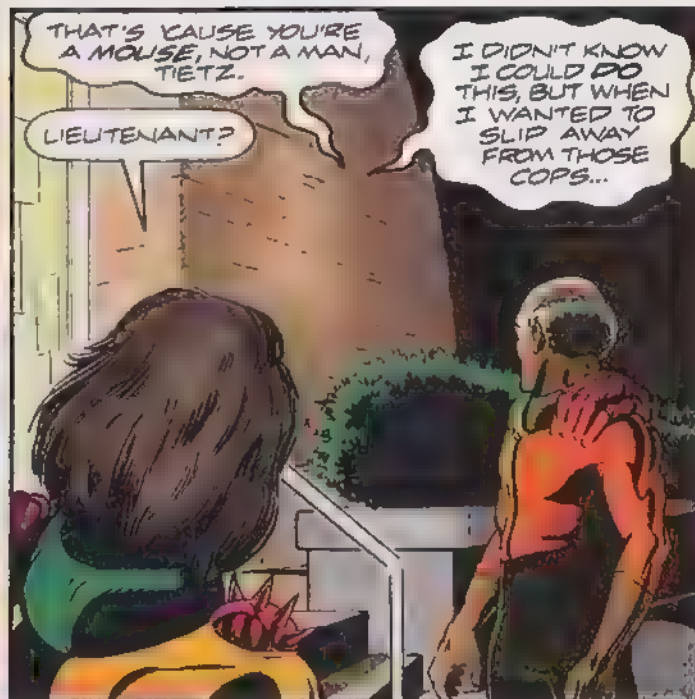
NO!





MEANWHILE...







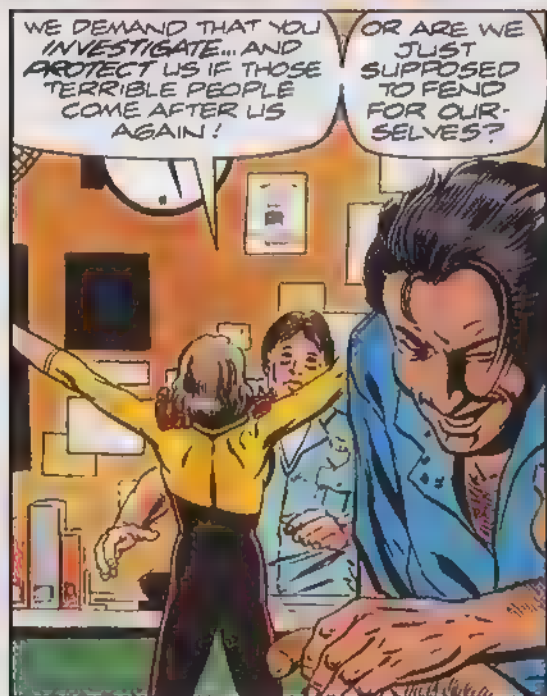
YOU AGAIN! I TOLD YOU, LADY...

BE QUIET AND LISTEN, OR I'LL TURN YOU OVER MY KNEE. AND DON'T THINK I CAN'T.



WE'RE GOOD CITIZENS REPORTING TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES THAT WE WERE KIDNAPPED AND... MUTATED OR SOMETHING.

DO I HAVE TO PICK UP YOUR WHOLE DESK TO PROVE IT?



WE DEMAND THAT YOU INVESTIGATE... AND PROTECT US IF THOSE TERRIBLE PEOPLE COME AFTER US AGAIN!

OR ARE WE JUST SUPPOSED TO FEND FOR OURSELVES?



THAT'S ENOUGH SNIGGERING. MRS. J HAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT! HOW DARE YOU STUPID JERKS MAKE FUN OF HER!



SERGEANT, TRY TO UNDERSTAND, THIS IS IMPORTANT. WE WANT TO DO THE RIGHT THING....

GET OUT! ALL OF YOU!



SEE YA.

WHAT.. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

GOOD-BYE. GOT TO GET OUT...

GET OUT... GOTTA GET OUT...

OH, COOKIE DID THAT. EVER SINCE WE CHANGED, SHE CAN POKE INTO PEOPLE'S HEADS. SHE JUST GAVE YOUR MEN A LITTLE NUDGE, THEY'LL BE FINE.

SHE POKES INTO PEOPLE'S HEADS....

YES, WE CAN ALL DO AMAZING THINGS... BUT OTHERWISE WE'RE JUST ORDINARY PEOPLE.

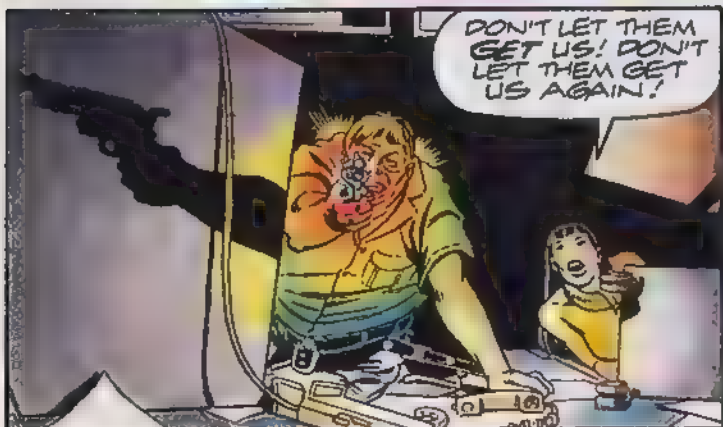
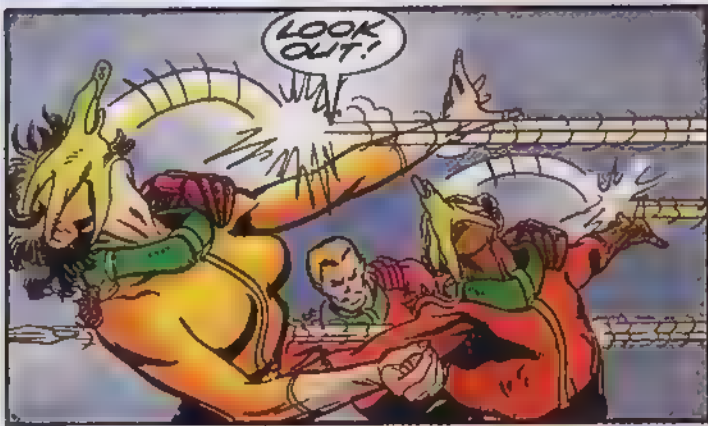
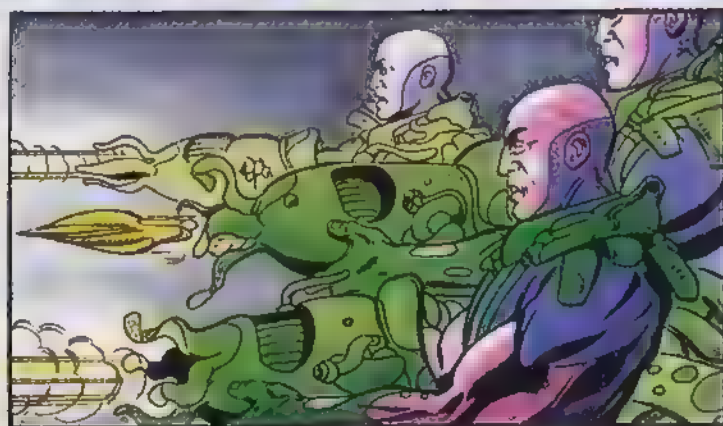
LADY, YOU ARE FOR SURE NOT ORDINARY.

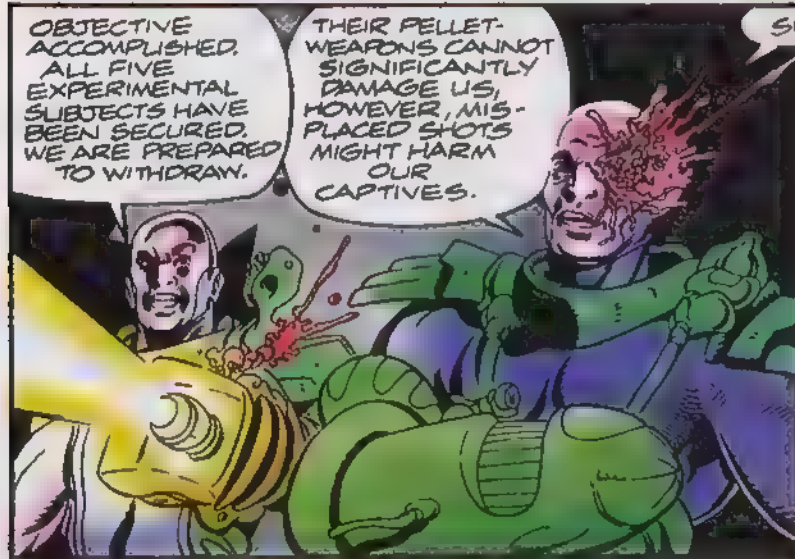
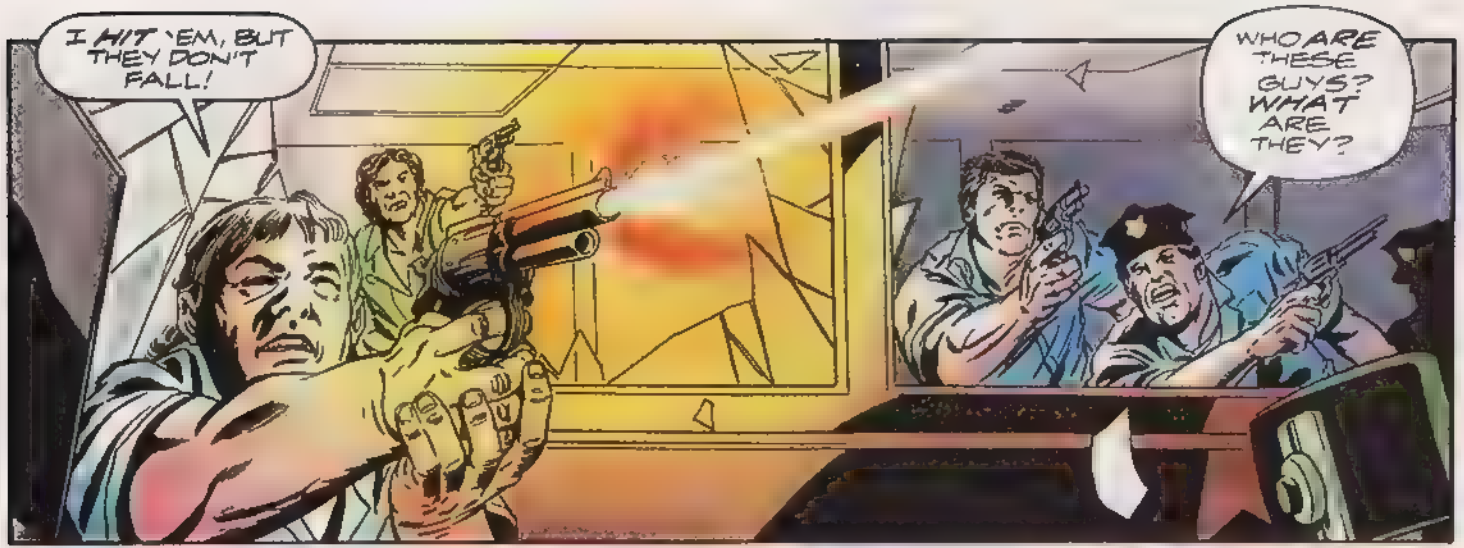
SERGEANT, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, YOU COULD ALWAYS TURN TO A POLICEMAN FOR HELP.

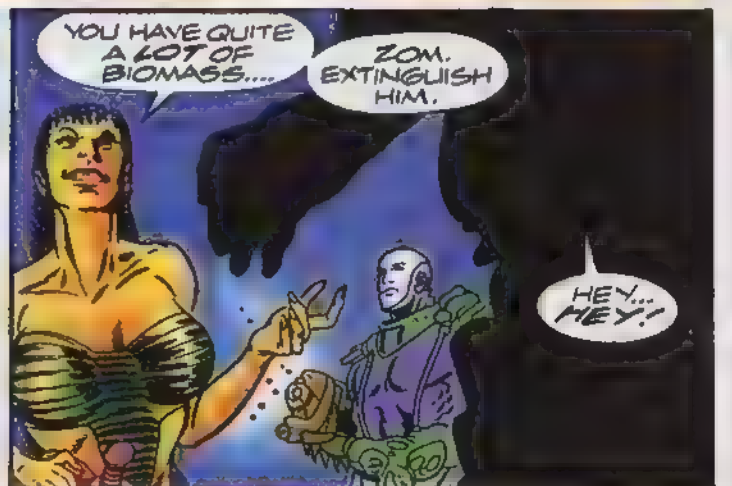
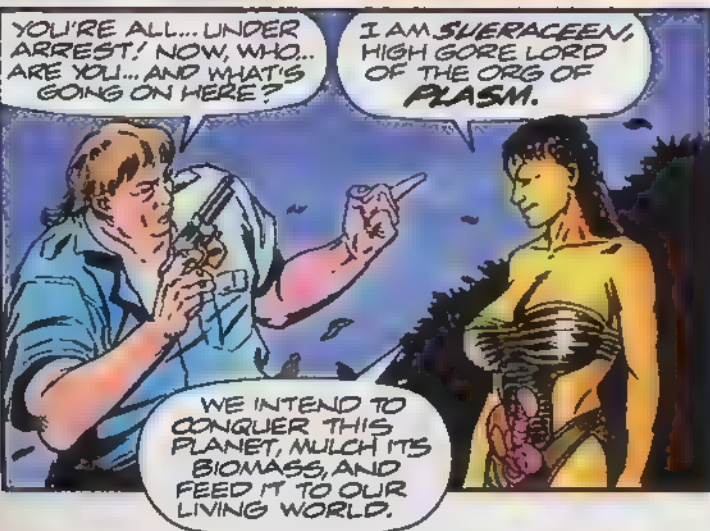
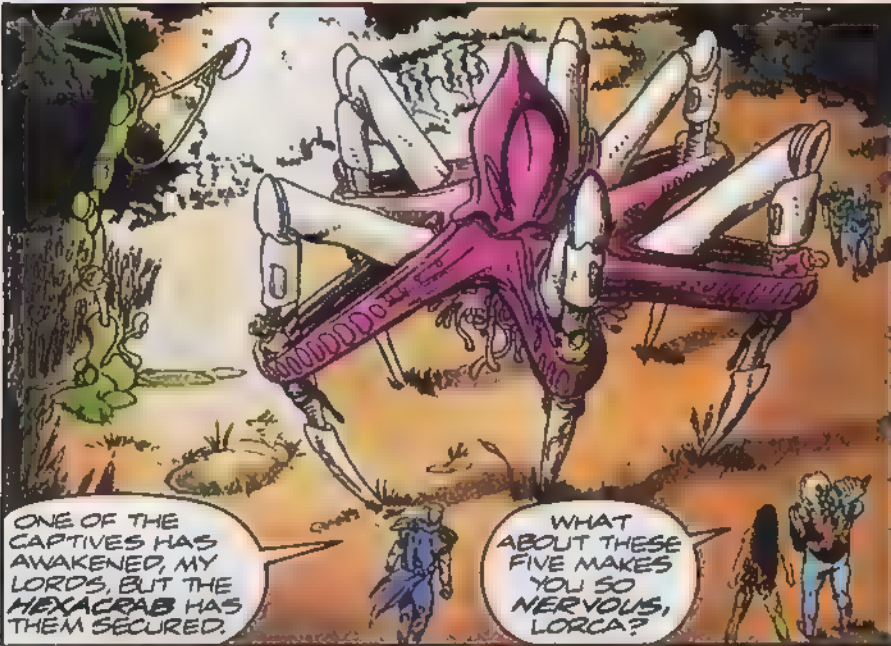
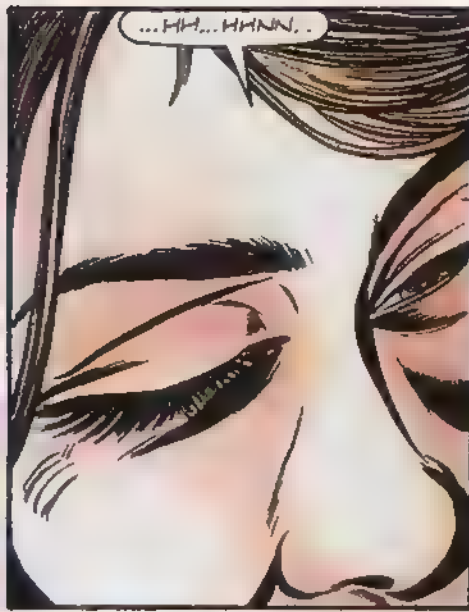
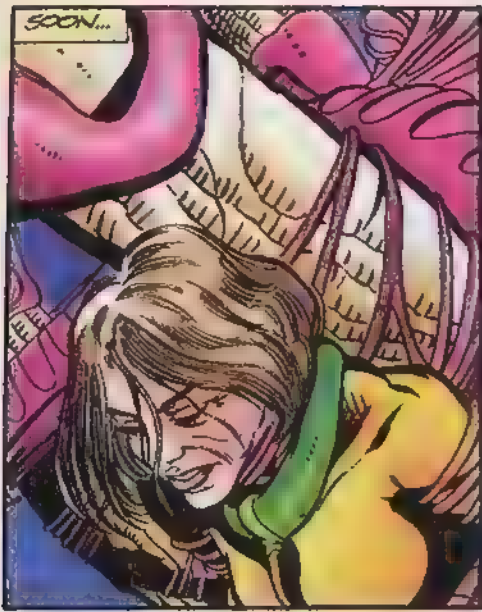
YEAH... AND IN ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, YOU STILL CAN. SERVE AND PROTECT. THAT'S THE JOB.

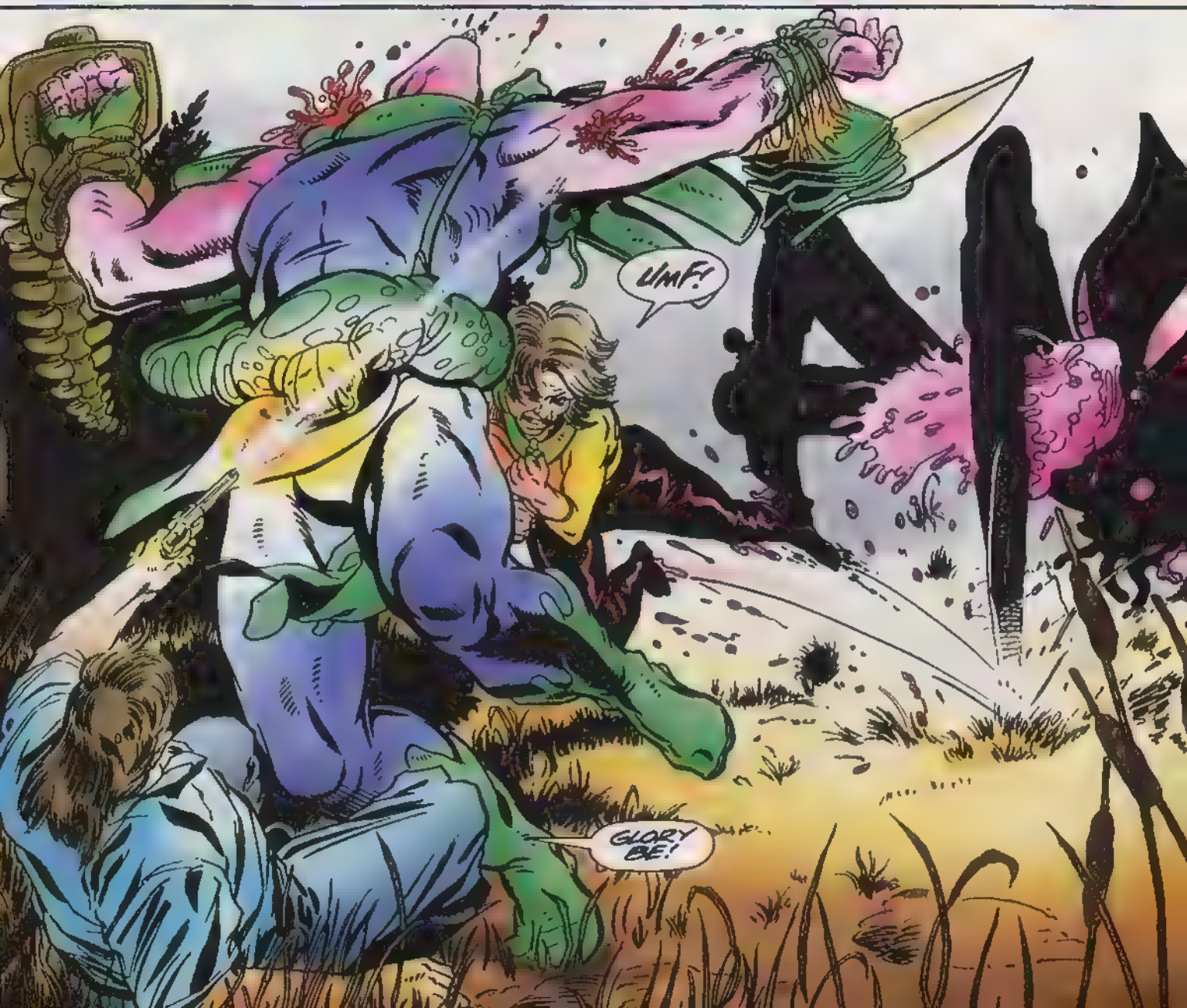
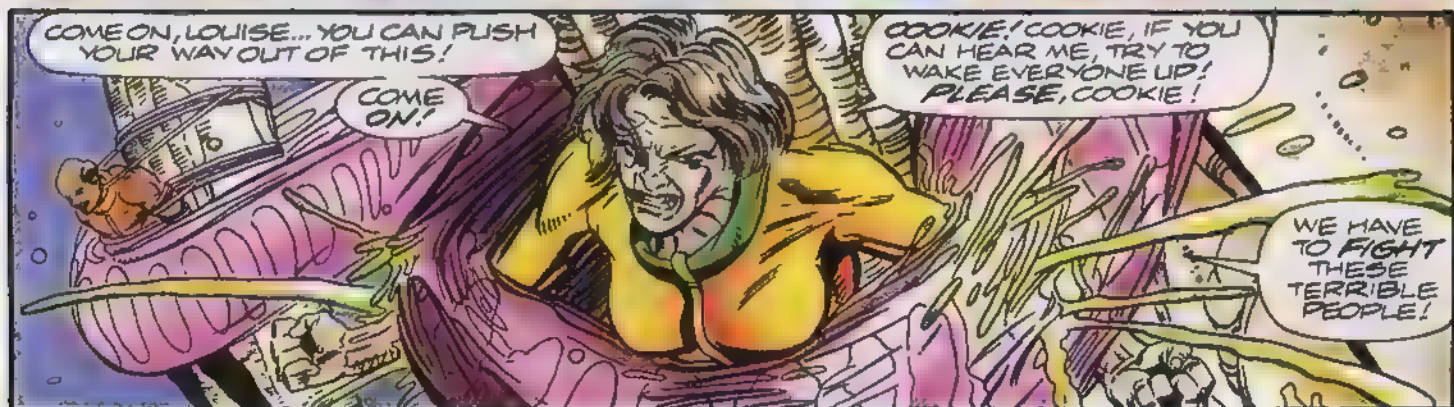
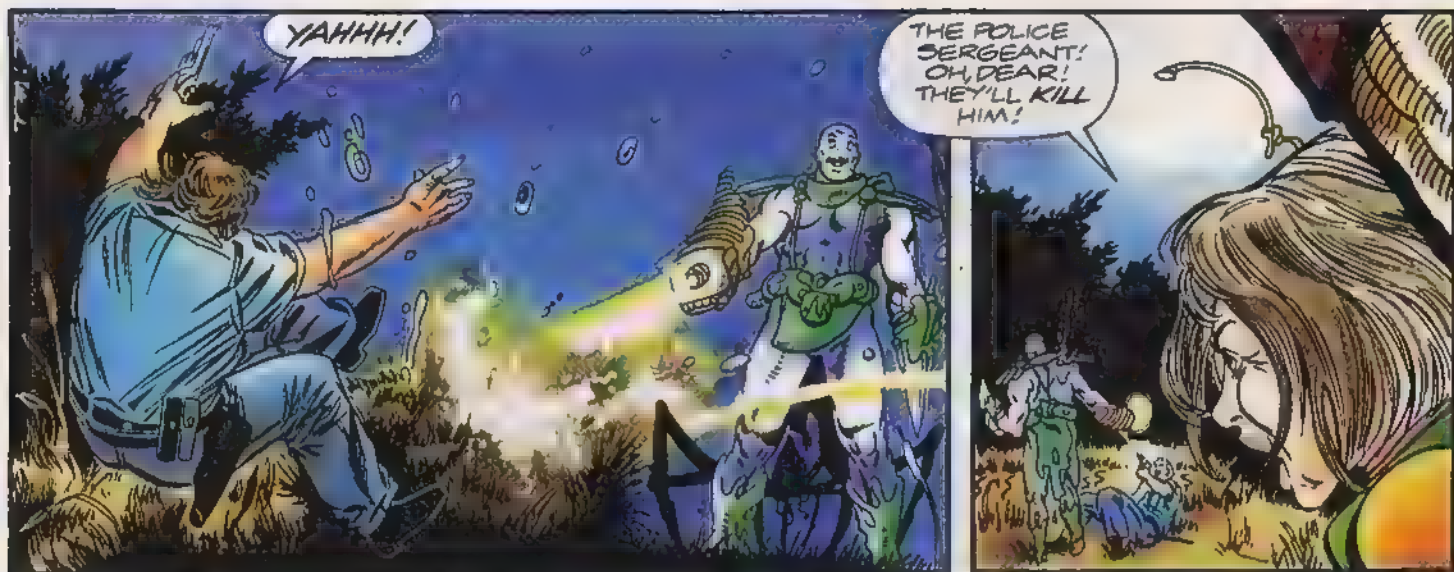
NOT THAT I BELIEVE ANY OF THIS...

THEN YOU'LL HELP US? WE WANT TO DO THE RIGHT THING, BUT WHAT SHOULD WE DO? THOSE TERRIBLE PEOPLE ARE STILL OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE....





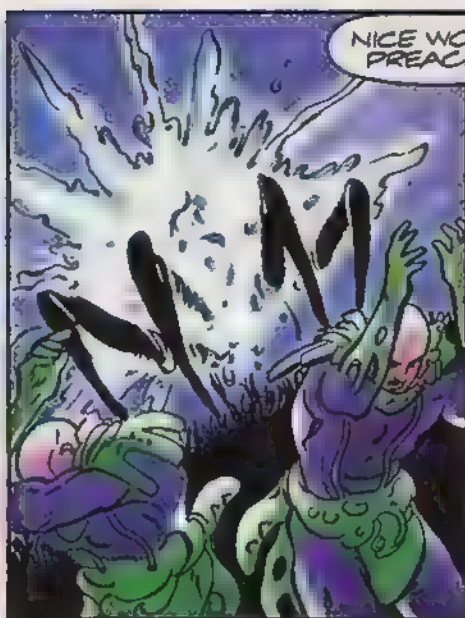






COOKIE, THANKS FOR THE WAKE-UP NUDGE.

HOLD ON, EVERYBODY. I THINK I'VE GATHERED ENOUGH LIGHT....



NICE WORK, PREACH!



TELL US WHAT TO DO, LIEUTENANT!

I...I DON'T KNOW. JUST PLOW INTO 'EM!

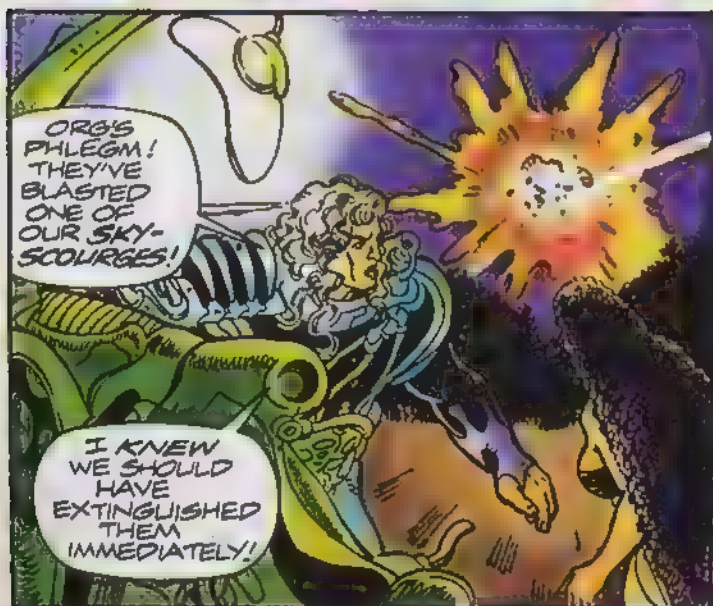
I'M STILL DIZZY...



CAREFUL! THESE BIG ONES ARE STRONG, AND THEY'RE HARD, LIKE THEY'VE GOT SHELLS! AND, UM, THERE'S A LOT OF THEM.

YOU BIG MOUSE! SHUT UP! HIT 'EM!

RICK'S DOING HIS BEST, LIEUTENANT. HE WORRIES, THAT'S ALL.



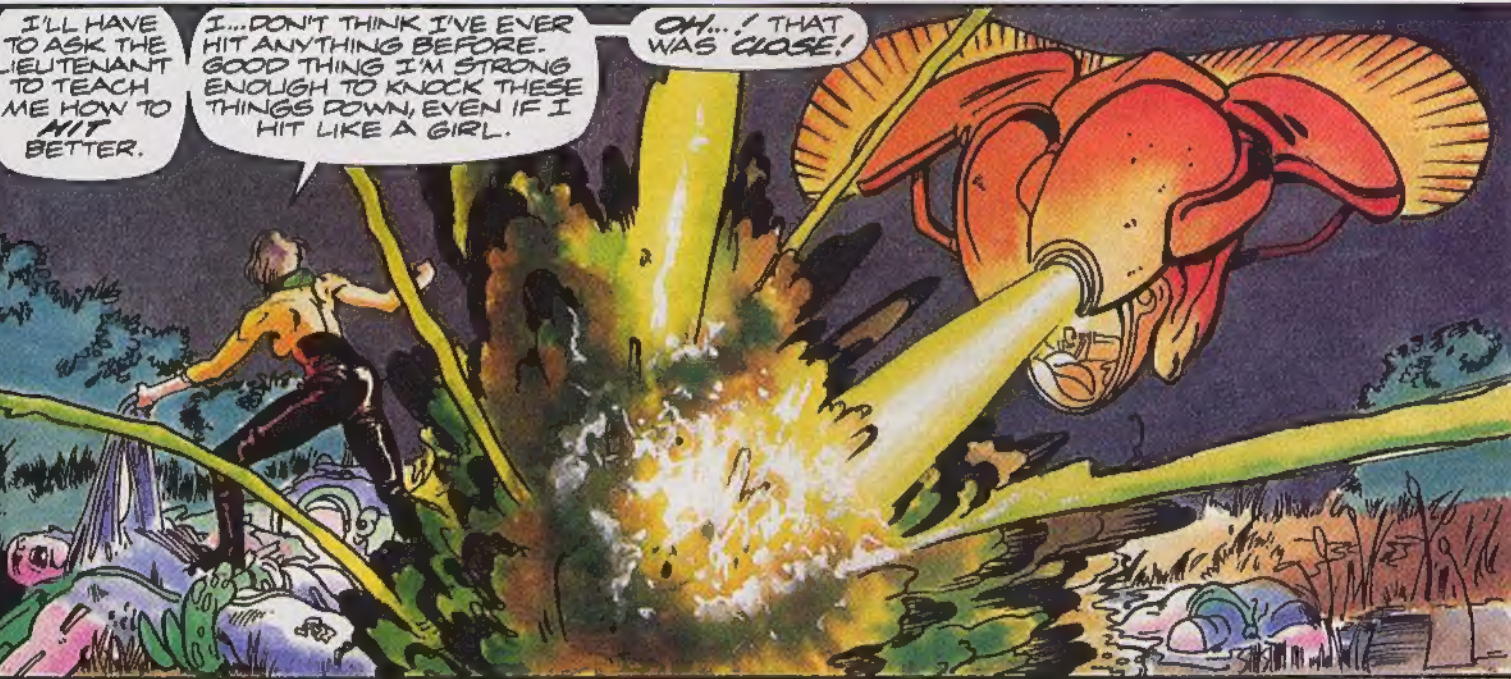
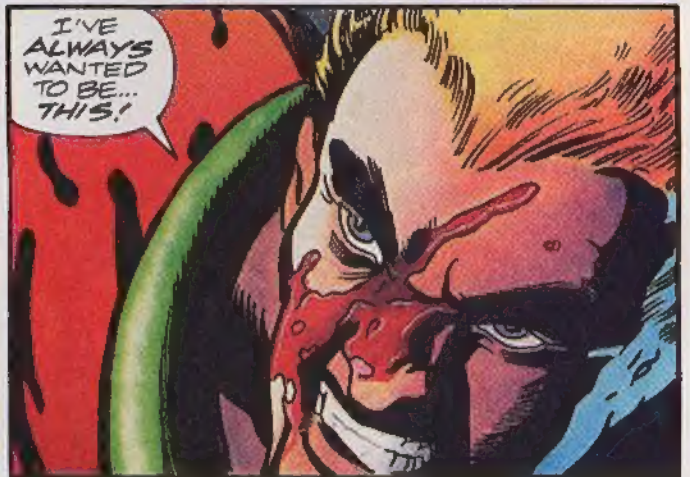
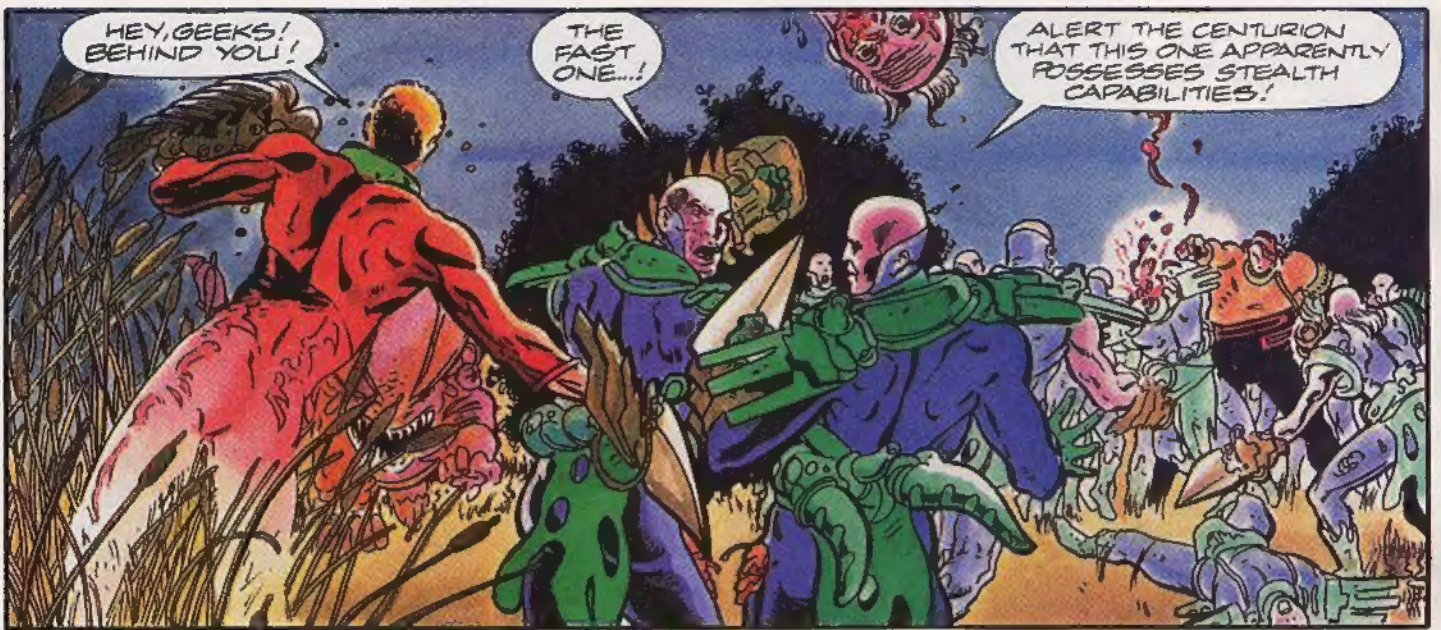
ORB'S PHLEGM! THEY'VE BLASTED ONE OF OUR SKY-SCOURGES!

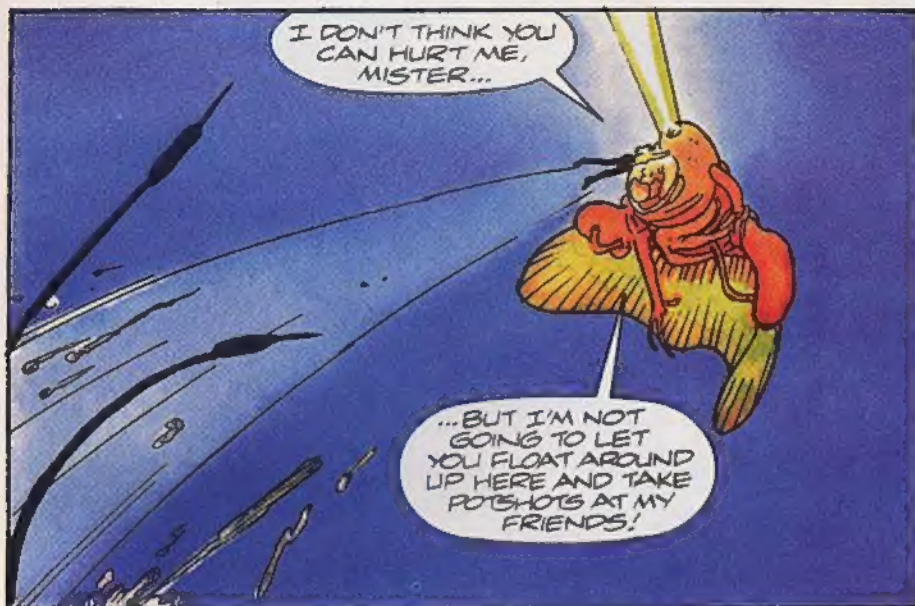
I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE EXTINGUISHED THEM IMMEDIATELY!



COME, LET'S JOIN THE BATTLE, SUE.

NO. I WANT TO WATCH THESE "WASTE PRODUCTS" FIGHT. THEY APPEAR TO BE MORE USEFUL THAN I THOUGHT.





I DON'T THINK YOU CAN HURT ME, MISTER...

...BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU FLOAT AROUND UP HERE AND TAKE POTSHOTS AT MY FRIENDS!



LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN SHOOT IF I STUFF MY HAND DOWN INTO YOUR GUN!



WHOA! THAT FLYING FISH THING BLEW UP.. AND I THINK THE OLD LADY WAS ON IT!

SHE'S PROBABLY OKAY, SERGEANT. SHE DOESN'T GET HURT EASILY.

MRS. J'S ALL RIGHT. I CAN STILL HEAR HER THINKING...

...BUT THERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE THINGS COMING!

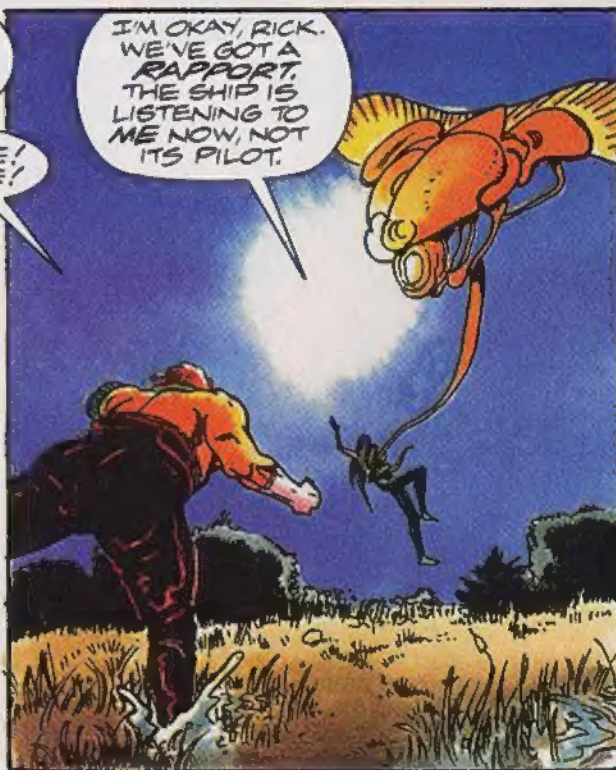


THE SHIP IS LOOKING AT ME... AIMING...

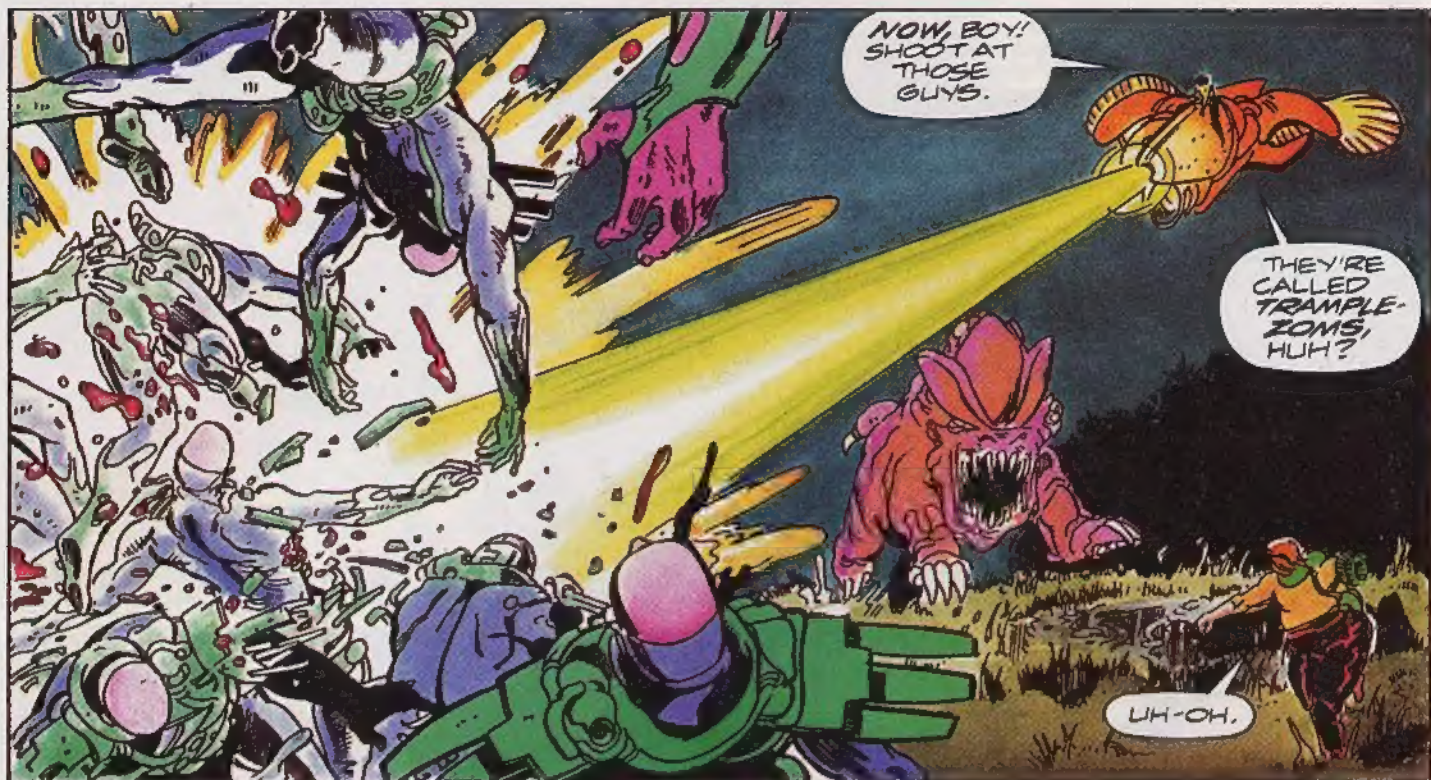


IT'S ALIVE. THE SHIP IS ALIVE... LIKE THE CLOTHES... LIKE EVERYTHING...

COOKIE! COOKIE!



I'M OKAY, RICK. WE'VE GOT A RAPPORT. THE SHIP IS LISTENING TO ME NOW, NOT ITS PILOT.





EYUKK!

YOU OKAY, MOUSE?

YEAH, UM... FOR A SECOND THERE, I FELT LIKE I DID BACK AT THE PLANT... UH... WHEN THE SHEAR WAS LOPPING OFF MY ARM.

THIS TIME... WAS DIFFERENT, HUH?

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

GOOD.



MY GOD, THEY'RE DISAPPEARING... LIKE "BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY" ON STAR TREK.

THAT'S HOW THEY TOOK US AWAY IN THE FIRST PLACE... AND HOW WE GOT BACK. THOSE BUGS DO IT.



SUE, I WARNED YOU THAT THEY COULD BE DANGEROUS.

WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS, LORCA.



I... I'M SORRY THAT I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU.



BELIEVING... HAVING FAITH... ISN'T EASY SOMETIMES.

SERGEANT, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP... BUT MOST OF ALL FOR INSPIRING US WITH YOUR BRAVERY AND DEDICATION.

I'M READY.

HERE COMES COOKIE THE NUDGE. ARE YOU WITH US, NUDGE?

I THINK WE KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO NOW.



YES, I SEE WHAT MRS. J'S THINKING-- SHE WANTS TO GO HOME TO HER FAMILY...

...BUT, EVEN MORE SHE WANTS THEM TO BE SAFE. AND IT'S UP TO US.

I'M SCARED... BUT I'D GO ANYWHERE WITH MRS. J.

HOP ABOARD, GUYS.



NOW I KNOW HOW YOU FELT, LADY....

HOW AM I GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO THE CAPTAIN?

NEXT: PART THREE-- "SPLATTERBATTLE!"